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A PEEP INTO AN ANTS' NEST.

THE name of Sir John Lubbock has long been connected with the subject of ants and bees, and he has obtained a foremost place among the investigators into this department of insect life. Yet his scientific work, laborious and exhaustive as it is, does not interfere with his performance of the duties which devolve upon him in his professional and political capacities as a banker and member of parliament. Amid all the demands which these duties make upon his time and energies, and which themselves might be deemed sufficient employment for any one man, he yet finds time to pursue his favourite studies in natural history; and the books and papers which he has issued thereon are not more remarkable for their revelations of insect and plant life, than for the evidence they give of most laborious and painstaking research on the part of the writer. Sir John Lubbock has recently issued a new volume, the result of ten years' experiment and observation, entitled, *Ants, Bees, and Wasps* (London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.), some of the interesting and startling facts of which, so far as they relate to ants, we propose to bring before our readers.

Ants have long afforded amusement and wonder to observers, on account of what might be called their near approach to human intelligence, as exhibited in their social organisation, their large communities, their elaborate habitations, their education of their young, their military tactics, their construction of roadways and bridges, and their possession of domestic animals, and even, in some cases, of slaves. In this country we have more than thirty kinds of ants; but they become much more numerous in species, as well as individuals, in warmer countries, more than a thousand different species being known to exist. The author tells us that he has kept in captivity about half of our British species of ants, as well as a considerable number of foreign forms, and for the last few years he has generally had from thirty to forty communities under observation. After

trying various plans, he found the best way to keep the ants was in nests consisting of two panes of common window-glass, about ten inches square, laid flat one above the other, but kept apart to a distance of a quarter of an inch or less by thin slips of wood round the edges, the space between the panes being filled up with fine earth, in which the ants devise such compartments as they require. The object of restricting the space between the panes of glass to a quarter of an inch or so, is that the ants may not be able to hide themselves from observation, which they would be likely to do were there a greater depth of earth. Moreover, there being glass below as well as above, the movements of the ants can at all times be well observed. These nests are placed on a stand, one above the other at intervals apart, but arranged so that each nest can be detached for purposes of special observation. Various means also, such as surrounding their nests with water, are taken to prevent the ants from escaping, or passing from one nest to another. These nests afford special facilities for observing the internal economy of ant-life; and especially for watching and recording the actions of individual ants. For this purpose, the particular insect to be watched requires to be marked, and the most convenient mode of marking them was, he found, either with a small dab of paint on the back, or, in the case of bees or wasps, by snipping off a minute fragment at the extremity of the wing. This, from the structure of the wing, gives the insect no pain, nor does it interfere with its flight.

No two species of ants, says Lubbock, are identical in habits; and, on various accounts, their mode of life is far from easy to unravel. In the first place, most of their time is passed underground; all the education of the young, for instance, is carried on in the dark. The life of the ant falls into the four well-marked periods usual with insects—those of the egg, of the larva or grub, of the pupa or chrysalis, and of the perfect insect or imago. The eggs are white or yellowish, and are said to hatch in fifteen days;

198456

but those observed by Lubbock have taken a month or six weeks. The larvae are small, white, legless grubs, which that section of the ant-communities called workers carefully tend and feed, carrying them about from chamber to chamber, probably in order to secure for these baby ants the most suitable amount of warmth and moisture. The larvae, also, are very often assorted according to age. The author remarks that it is sometimes very curious to see them arranged in groups according to size, so that they remind one of a school divided into five or six classes. When they enter the chrysalis state, some of the larvae are covered with silken cocoons, others remain naked. The reason of this distinction is not yet understood; but the curious fact is noted, that as a general rule, the species which have not a sting, spin a cocoon, while those which have a sting are naked. After remaining some days in the chrysalis state, they emerge as perfect insects. In many cases, however, they would perish in the attempt, if they were not assisted; and it is very pretty, says Sir John Lubbock, to see the older ants helping them to extricate themselves, carefully unfolding their legs and smoothing out the wings, with truly feminine tenderness and delicacy.

Under ordinary circumstances, an ants' nest, like a beehive, consists of three kinds of individuals, namely, workers or imperfect females (which constitute the great majority), males, and perfect females. There are, however, often several queens in an ants' nest—these queens being provided with wings; but after a single flight they tear them off, and do not again quit the nest. Very young ants devote themselves at first to the care of the larvae and pupae, and take no share in the defence of the nest or other out-of-door work until they are some days old. This seems so arranged because at first their skin is comparatively soft, and it would be undesirable for them to undertake rough work or run into danger until their armour had had time to harden. When they are sufficiently strong, they join the workers, and their education may then be said to have begun. The division of labour among the ants is still further developed. Among the slave-keeping species, the mistresses, for instance, never go out themselves for food, leaving all this to the slaves. Others, again, send out foraging expeditions, certain ants being told off for this purpose; and if any member of the expedition is taken prisoner or otherwise prevented from returning to the nest, it is observed that another ant is sent to replace it.

The food of ants consists of insects, great numbers of which they destroy; of honey, honey-dew, and fruit; indeed, scarcely any animal or sweet substance seems to come amiss to them. They are, however, particularly fond of honey, and one species of ants, from Mexico, take a very curious way of storing it up for use. This is by selecting certain individuals among them to act as receptacles of food—serving indeed as animated honey-pots! To them the foragers bring their supplies, and their whole duty seems to be to receive the honey, retain it, and redistribute it when required. These living honey-jars are packed till the abdomen of the creature is distended to many times its own bulk; consequently, as might be

expected, the ants so used as receptacles of food are very inactive. It is not known that any English species practise this extraordinary method of storing food.

Ants have, further, a human-like inclination for keeping domestic animals. Some species, such as the small brown garden ant, keep tiny aphides (a kind of green plant-lice) as milk-cows. They go out and ascend bushes in search of them. When the ant finds one, she strokes and caresses the aphis gently with her antennae, and the aphis emits a drop of sweet fluid, which the ant imbibes. Sometimes the ants even build covered-ways—a kind of cow-sheds of earth—for the aphides, which moreover they protect from the attacks of other insects. But this is not all. The yellow ants collect the root-feeding species of aphides in their nests, and tend them as carefully as their own young. And they not only guard the mature aphides, which are useful, but also the eggs of the aphides, which of course, until they come to maturity, are quite useless. Nor is the aphis the only domestic animal kept by the ants. Another class of ant-guests are those which reside actually in the galleries and chambers of, and with, the ants, but which the latter never harm. Of these, the commonest in England is a species allied to the Podura—a kind of wingless insects, known, from their leaping powers, by the name of skip-jack or spring-tail. The member of this species which the ant favours is an active bustling little thing, which runs about among the ants, keeping its antennae in a state of constant vibration. Another guest of the ants is a sort of white woodlouse. Both of these last-mentioned favourites are blind, probably, says Lubbock, from living so constantly in the dark. 'It is certain,' he adds, 'that the ants intentionally (if I may so say) sanction the residence of these insects in their nests. An unauthorised interloper would be at once killed. I have, therefore, ventured to suggest that these insects may perhaps act as scavengers.'

With the exception of the aphides, the guests just mentioned have no particular attention paid them by the ants. But this is not the case with still another favourite, which, by the way, is also blind. This is the curious little beetle called Claviger—from its club-shaped antennae—which is quite blind, and appears to be absolutely dependent upon the ants. 'It even seems to have lost the power of feeding itself; at anyrate, it is habitually fed by the ants, who supply it with nourishment as they do one another.' The ants are evidently careful to keep these tiny beetles clean, as they are seen frequently to lick the whole upper surface of the body. On one occasion, an observer saw a beetle fed by an ant. Several ants were sucking a morsel of sugar, when the beetle approached one of them, and tapped her several times on the head with its antennae. The ant then opened her mandibles, and fed the beetle as she would have done one of her own species. The beetle crept upon the sugar, but did not appear able to feed itself. The author thinks it not altogether impossible that some of these same insects may be kept by ants merely as pets.

Among ants, as a rule, each species lives by itself. There are, however, interesting exceptions, some small species being found exclusively

in the nests of certain larger species. It is not known, however, what the relation between these species is. In one case, when the large ants change their nest, the smaller species are seen to follow them, running about among them and between their legs, tapping them inquisitively with their antennæ, and even sometimes climbing on to their backs, as if for a ride, while the large ants seem to take little notice of them. They almost seem to be the dogs, or perhaps the cats, of the ants. Another small species, which makes its chambers and galleries in the walls of the nests of larger species, is the bitter enemy of its hosts. The latter cannot get at them, because they are too large to enter the galleries. The little species, therefore, are quite safe; and, as it appears, they make incursions into the nurseries of the larger ant, and carry off the larvae as food. It is as if we had small dwarfs, about eighteen inches to two feet long, harbouring in the walls of our houses, and every now and then carrying off some of our children into their horrid dens.

There is another striking feature in the social organisation of ants which we must notice; that is, their habit of keeping slaves. Most ants will carry off the larvae and pupæ of other species if they get a chance; and this throws light upon that most remarkable phenomenon, the existence of slavery among them. 'If you place a number of larvae and pupæ in front of a nest of the Horse ant, for instance, they are soon carried off; and those which are not immediately required for food remain alive for some time, and are even fed by their captors.' This is not, however, a confirmed habit with the Horse ant; but there is an allied species, which exists in some of our southern counties and throughout Europe, with which it has become an established practice. These ants make periodical expeditions, attack neighbouring nests, and carry off the pupæ. When the pupæ come to maturity, they find themselves among others of their own species, the results of previous predatory expeditions. They adapt themselves to circumstances, assist in the ordinary household duties, and, having no young of their own species, feed and tend those of their mistresses.

This species of slave-holding ants, while aided in their duties by their slaves, do not themselves lose the instinct of working. But there is another species of slave-holders, the Amazon ant, which do, and which have become almost entirely dependent upon their slaves. They indeed present a striking picture of the degrading tendencies of slavery. 'Even their bodily structure has undergone a change; the mandibles have lost their teeth, and have become mere nippers—deadly weapons indeed, but useless except in war. They have lost the greater part of their instincts: their art, that is, the power of building; their domestic habits, for they show no care for their own young, all this being done by the slaves; their industry—they take no part in providing the daily supplies; if the colony changes the situation of its nest, the masters are all carried by their slaves on their backs to the new one; nay, they have even lost the habit of feeding. Huber placed thirty of them with some larvae and pupæ, and a supply of honey, in a box. "At first," he says, "they appeared to pay some little attention to the larvae; they

carried them here and there, but presently replaced them. More than one-half of the Amazons died of hunger in less than two days. They had not even traced out a dwelling, and the few ants still in existence were languid and without strength. I commiserated their condition, and gave them one of their black companions. This individual, unassisted, established order, formed a chamber in the earth, gathered together the larvae, extricated several young ants that were ready to quit the condition of pupæ, and preserved the life of the remaining Amazons.' This observation, adds Lubbock, 'has been fully confirmed by other naturalists. However small the prison, however large the quantity of food, these stupid creatures will starve in the midst of plenty rather than feed themselves.'

We must now say something about the military tactics of these wonderful little creatures. Different species have their several peculiar modes of fighting. One species, for instance, never attack, and scarcely ever defend themselves. Their skin being very hard, they roll themselves into a ball. Another species has the habit, like reynard, of feigning death as a means of self-protection. But there are other species who are regular Zulus. Amongst these is the Horse ant, before mentioned. This ant, when it goes to war, attacks in serried masses, seldom sending out detachments, while single ants scarcely ever make individual attacks. They rarely pursue a flying foe, but give no quarter, killing as many enemies as possible, and never hesitating, with this object, to sacrifice themselves for the common good. Another species have a similar mode of attack, and when in close quarters they bite right and left, dancing about to avoid being bitten themselves. When fighting with larger species, three or four of them seize upon an enemy at once, and then pull different ways, so that their big antagonist cannot get at any one of her foes. One of them then jumps on her back, and cuts, or rather saws, off her head. The Amazon ants, whose dependence for food and comfort upon their slaves has been already described, are, however degraded in a civil sense, terrible gladiators when there is fighting to be done. Their jaws are very powerful and pointed: and if an individual of this order is attacked, she at once takes her enemy's head into her jaws, closes her mandibles, so that the points pierce the brain of her enemy, paralysing the nervous system, the victim falling dead in convulsions. In this manner, a comparatively small force of these Amazons will fearlessly attack much larger armies of other species, and themselves suffer scarcely any loss.

We cannot conclude without some allusion to the more strictly social—we had almost said moral—behaviour of ants. As regards their treatment of their distressed neighbours and friends, Sir John Lubbock, after numerous interesting and amusing experiments, is unable to give the little creatures a very good character. Hatred is much stronger than affection among them. He has indeed often been surprised that in certain cases ants render one another so little assistance. If an ant is fighting with one of another species, her friends rarely come to her assistance, passing by, and not even stopping to look on. In the case of ants in a half-drowned

condition, which the author placed in the way of their friends going between the nest and their feeding-ground, individual ants would pass their incautious neighbour eighteen and twenty times, and never once pay the slightest attention to her. Our author thinks there is evidence that ants are less tender to friends in distress than previous observers have stated to be the case; though at the same time he finds such individual differences existing as to warrant him in concluding that there are good Samaritans, as well as Priests and Levites, among them, as among men.

The general carelessness or heartlessness of ants to each other when in distress does not arise from their inability to recognise each other. Although a community of ants will sometimes number as many as fifty thousand individuals, yet the ants of the community all recognise one another. Even when ants are removed from a nest in the condition of pupæ, but tended by friends, if reintroduced into the parent nest, they are recognised and treated as friends. Pupæ taken away in the same manner, and brought up by ants of another species, are, when returned to the parent nest, equally well recognised by the general body of their friends, though occasionally some relatives are puzzled. How this recognition between ants is effected, cannot definitely be said. Lubbock's experiments do not lead him to think that ants of the same nest recognise one another by means of a sign or password. It has been supposed by some observers that ants recognise one another by smell; but this does not meet with our author's support; as it is difficult, considering the immense number of ants' nests, to suppose that each community can have a separate and peculiar smell.

There are many other features in connection with ants and ant-economy that might prove of interest to our readers, but which space does not permit of our entering upon. The book, however, which has formed the subject of this notice, is sufficient to satisfy the most rapacious inquirer; and the numerous experiments which are here so carefully and elaborately detailed, enable the reader, almost equally with the author, to judge for himself as to the conclusions that are drawn. The book cannot fail to add largely to the already high reputation of Sir John Lubbock in the scientific world.

VALENTINE STRANGE.

A STORY OF THE PRIMROSE WAY.

BY DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—‘DID THE RETURN OF ONE OF HER LOVERS PLEASE HER, EVEN THOUGH HE WERE NOT THE CHOSEN?’

WITH no more than a casual glance at his solitary travelling-companion, Gerard folded himself in his rug and disposed himself to sleep. Val found the situation eminently trying. He had made a sacrifice to honour on the clear and definite understanding that he was not to lose by it. It was a direct bid for a bargain with Fate, and Fate had declined to accept the bond of the bargain. He was positively losing by his sacri-

fice after all, and for once in a way, honesty was not the best policy. It is undeniable that Honour is a hard mistress to such as serve her with divided hearts. She will have everything her own way, or—she punishes. She will not tolerate anything done for reward. She is the desert of reward, and not the payment of it. Val had obeyed her with a divided loyalty, and was already far advanced on the track of repentance. Mr Charles Reade says, with that savage incisiveness which belongs to him, that our truest repents are reserved for our best actions. That is a hard and bitter saying; but there is truth in it, if it is not altogether true; and here was Val bewailing himself that he had not held the master-card and played it, though the Knave's face grinned from the cardboard. If honour's path were smooth, would we not all rather tread in it than otherwise! Who will invent some scheme of self-sacrifice-made-easy, and invite us all to purchaseable saintship? No man elects to be a rogue, for the sake of being one. To despise one's self is no luxury.

If you desire to know how all the obstacles he met with swelled Val's passion, you may find for yourself a world-old illustration by dropping an impediment in the first country streamlet or town gutter you may come to. How the small stream suddenly swells and rages! Do but grant that its sources will not dry up, and that you go on building up impediments, and out of any village runlet you may secure a flood which, breaking loose at last, will sweep away houses. And Val's love, which, if its current had run smoothly, might have been a placid stream enough, had long since grown torrent-like and overwhelming.

Gerard had been in his way all along, but now he barred Val's physical egress from this unpleasant corner. Placidly sleeping, he stretched his legs from one seat to the other, and there was no getting past him without the chance of recognition; and Val, for his own purposes, was anxious not to be recognised. Constance was free to accept the proffer of any man's hand, and Val was of course equally free to make proffer of his own; but it was natural that he should not care to be met by his rival on a journey which had that end in view. The train made its customary stoppages, and at each of them he would willingly have escaped to another carriage; but he did not choose to venture on the experiment. In spite of his loss of sleep the night before, Gerard's presence kept him awake, and at every stir the sleeper made, he fixed his protecting collar anew and gave a tug at his travelling-cap. But the sleeper went on sleeping to the journey's end, and therein took another unconscious advantage, of which Val was conscious. Sullenly determined not to be recognised, Val coiled himself in his corner until Gerard had gathered up his belongings and had left the

carriage. But if he were to preserve his presence as a secret, he must seek another hotel than that in which Constance and Gerard would alike be domiciled, and thus would he be at a new disadvantage. Well, then, he would accept the chance of observation, and with this resolve he followed into the *Grand Hotel*, and after a bath, sat down to write a note, informing Constance of his presence, and begging her most urgently to see him.

In the meantime, Gerard, having made his toilet, had already shaken hands with Mr Jolly and with Reginald. He had not been aware of the race against a rival; but he had wired that he was coming, and they had both arisen early to meet him. Mr Jolly was prepared to protect his daughter from any renewed proposals from the bankrupt lover. Reginald was ready if need were to come in as a moral buffer between the forces which seemed certain to attack each other. The elder man was posed in an attitude of conscious dignity when Gerard entered. The lad's face was radiant as he came in, and he advanced with both hands outstretching.

'Congratulate me!' were his first words. 'Everything that fellow Garling ran away with, is recovered!'—Mr Jolly's attitude of dignity went suddenly to pieces, and he was all amazement.—Gerard told the story briefly, and explained exactly how matters stood. He told by what strange accident the missing papers had been discovered; and at the mention of Val Strange's name, the younger listener hid himself behind his eyeglass and gave vent to an expressive whistle, which neither of the others noticed. Mr Jolly had a good deal to think of, and not a great deal of time in which to turn it over. The firm would start again, so Gerard said, in answer to inquiry: everybody had been paid to the uttermost farthing; the news of the recovery of the stolen capital would be bruited abroad; and the House would stand as well as ever in the eyes of the world. That was all well; but in the meantime Gerard was undoubtedly many thousands poorer than he had been. Still, at his father's death he would have everything—a hundred and thirty thousand pounds, a noble house and a fine park, his mother's fortune—whatever that might amount to—and a share in the profits of the rehabilitated firm. Yes—perhaps he might risk assent again. Constance was fretting a good deal, and Mr Jolly had a hundred times declared that women were incomprehensible. She had treated the man as if he had been one icicle and she another, whilst she was sure of marrying him; and now that she had lost what apparently she had never cared for, she was moping and melancholy, and in love with solitude. The girl was evidently grieving for him. Let her have him back. Poor Mr Jolly's life had been a burden these six weeks. From the hour of her mother's death, Constance's future had been a trouble to him; and just when, with unexpected ease and good fortune, he had shelved

the weight, and was prepared to enjoy the world—an unencumbered widower—she had come back upon him, and the brilliant engagement had ended in a tragical fiasco. Of course he did not guess that any other trouble weighed upon his daughter's mind, but the tears that seemed shed for Gerard were mainly shed for Val's desertion of her. She had not wept long, but a settled languor was upon her still, and the world seemed to have lost all charm and interest. When he had rapidly turned over such of these considerations as occurred to him, Mr Jolly spoke.

'My dear Gerard,' he said, in his Disraelian manner, 'when you first approached me upon this question, I did myself the justice to assure you that I had but one object to achieve, and that that object was my daughter's happiness. If I had not thought you likely to promote the attainment of that object, I should never have encouraged you in your approach to her affections.'—The profane Reginald murmured 'Hear! hear!' and his undertone was so ill-measured that the interruption was audible to his father.—That ideal parent turned a glance of reproach upon him, and continued: 'Approach to her affections. For I am not one of those who would consent to see marriage degraded to the level of a sordid tie, or reduced to the baseness of business negotiation.' He felt himself to be in fine oratorical form, and would have been glad to admit all English-speaking people then in Paris, that they might see how well he bore it off. There was always a shadowy audience in his mind when he laid himself out in the pursuit of conversational excellence. He felt now—in a nebulous, vague way, be it understood—as if he harangued the inhabitants of listening spheres, and that he was more like his model than common. 'With that candour which has always seemed to me one of your most attractive characteristics, you tell me that your financial position is not altogether what it was. If the financial position—he said this with a playful flourish and a smile—'had been your only recommendation, that would have weighed against you. But, as matters stand, I resume my old position. I take a position of friendly neutrality, Gerard. You did not consult me when, in pursuance of the dictates of an honourable delicacy, you withdrew from your engagement; or perhaps I might have been unworldly and unwise enough to combat your resolve. You do me the honour to consult me now; but I waive all right of veto, and I refer you to the person most interested. I preserve my neutrality strictly, but I wish you well. I have no influence, or if I possess influence, I conceive that I exercise my parental duties best by refusing to exert it. God bless you!' Mr Jolly suddenly and unexpectedly wrung Gerard's hand, and producing his handkerchief, gave it a solemn flourish and hid his countenance. It is probable that he had not the remotest notion of being a humbug. If he began by expressing his own magnanimity, he always ended by believing in it.

Gerard knew him better than of old; but he was not keen in observation; and he liked to believe in people; being himself of a most honest and faithful nature. So he returned the grip

with interest, and left the model father's knuckles limp and aching. Reginald meanwhile smoothed his baldness with a doubtful grin, expressive of a sentiment half-way between shame and amusement. And if he kept silence with respect to his father's emotion, it may be that he thought the more. His own congratulations were brief and hearty.

'Look here,' he said; 'I'll go and tell Constance you're here,' and with that intent he sped in search of Miss Lucretia's maid. It so happened that Val's servant was at the moment of Reginald's arrival on the scene in search of that damsel, being intrusted to deliver to her care his master's note. The wily youth saw him, and marvelled. 'Is Val here?' he asked himself. If he were there, it could be for but one object. Reginald's sympathies, like other things human, were liable to fluctuations. He had been moved by Val's distress when he parted with him; but he had been moved since then by the tremendous calamities which had fallen upon Gerard. Val had not acted altogether well in pursuing Constance after her engagement to Gerard; whilst his rival had borne himself, to Reginald's mind, splendidly, beneath misfortunes almost unexampled. So that now the balance of Reginald's sympathies was with Gerard. But bethinking himself that Strange had had it in his power to delay his rival's good-fortune, he appreciated his honour at the full, and being thus tugged by both, he decided not to interfere with either. 'Let 'em fight it out between 'em,' he said viciously. But by intercepting Miss Lucretia's maid, he interfered without knowing it. 'Is my sister up?' he asked.

'O yes, sir,' the maid responded; 'she took coffee half an hour ago.'

'Did she, my dear?' he returned with a fatherly air. 'Well, it's of no use for me to make love to you, because I know the noble Duke your father won't let you marry out of the Harry-stocracy, and I'm as poor as Job. So just you run and tell her that I want to see her. Will you? There's a darling!'

The damsel murmured something, of which 'Impudence' alone was audible, and departed on her errand with an air of scorn. But being out of sight, she stopped to giggle.

'They're very nice,' said the bald-headed young man, putting up his glass to look after her—'they're very nice, all of 'em; but are they worth the trouble we take about 'em?'

The maid returned before he had found an answer to that query. 'Miss Constance says you will see her in her dressing-room.'

'I'll say nothing at all about Val,' Reginald decided as he entered his sister's room. Constance sat at the window, and looked at him with a languid and uninterested air as he entered. To her surprise, he kissed her before sitting down. 'Con, my dear,' he said, 'I have news for you. Who do you think is here?'

'I never cared for riddles,' she answered. 'Who is here?'

'Gerard came from London this morning. He has recovered all the stolen money, and is nearly as well-off as ever. He wants to see you. Will you come to him?'

Now, this was not altogether leaving the rivals to fight it out between themselves; but then you

and I are not the only inconsistent people in the world. He was beginning to get interested in spite of himself. Constance was very pale of late, but at this news a gentle colour stole to her cheek. Did the return of one of her lovers please her, even though he were not the chosen? The six weeks and more which had gone since Val's departure had not left her unchanged. For six weeks she had been free and lonely. Val had expatriated himself, and at his going, she had done her deliberate best to root him from her heart. Then she had pitied Gerard, and had felt more kindly to him since his misfortunes. She had seen his honest clear gray eyes clouded with the agony of his sorrows. She had thought often of that despairing gesture with which he had turned away from her, and the eloquent cry, low yet terrible, with which he had released her. She did not love him; but she was not devoid of pity, and she was left alone. And operating with these factors of pity and loneliness was the fact of his former claim. Had the two men stood side by side, she would not have chosen Gerard. But the man she would have chosen had gone away on purpose to forget her, and she had schooled herself to know it. She remembered how deeply interested her father had been in Gerard's success, and supposed the interest renewed. In these late days, life had had neither salt nor savour. And so in brief she resigned herself, and when Reginald asked his question, she responded 'Yes,' and arose languidly, yet with a little blush upon her cheek, born of I know not what emotion.

She was dressed in some light-coloured diaphanous stuff which had soft and graceful folds, and she wore just a touch of warmer colour at the throat. To Gerard's eyes, as she approached him, her pallor and her languor lent her a new beauty. But he had never seen her without thinking that she looked more beautiful than ever. And now he was lover all over, and trouble vanished, and care took flight. He kissed her hand, purely and simply because he could not help it, despite the presence of her father and her brother. Mr Jolly made a second oration in parliamentary form. Reginald left the room to escape it, and neither Gerard nor Constance paid much heed to it—Gerard, because he was filled with his own happiness; nor Constance, because her father's heavy solemnity of platitudine was always wearisome. Pleasantly unconscious of this tacit disdain, the model father flowed along. He took Constance's approval for granted, and evidently regarded a renewal of the engagement, under the conditions, as a thing needing his own consent and nothing more. She had supposed that this was his view of the affair; and, for her—what did it matter? By-and-by, the model parent having sufficiently aired himself, withdrew, and there came an hour which made Gerard an atonement for his griefs. He knelt at Constance's side with both her hands in his, and eloquent for once in his life, he told her how more than happy he was, and how more than wretched he had been.

'And you have grieved for me too,' he murmured, kissing her hands again and again. A man whose scholarship goes no further than the Latin quotations at the end of a pocket edition

of Johnson, knows—*Oredula res amor est.* She was pale, and ah! it was sweet to think she had grown pale in grieving for him, so sweet he could but think it. And she would give no denial. Why should she pain him? He had suffered, and he loved her, and it was in her power to make him happy, and it was worth something in a world so forlorn to be able to make anybody happy. And let not the male reader accept this as a commonplace. It was proof of a nature which was at bottom indubitably noble. For, as a rule, a woman—as the greatest Englishwoman of this century has told us—discerns not a sex as we do, but an individual. She loves one—one who belongs to her: she has no passion for humanity. Loving Dick, she despised him, but is quite contemptuous about Tom and William, who are all round ten times better fellows; and should Tom or William make love to her, she snubs him, and despises him for it. That Dick loves her, is Dick's glory and her own; but a planetful of outside males might kneel and she deride. It was, then, anything but a feminine trait in Constance that she listened with pity and yielding to the love-tale of a man she did not love. Her hands were cool in his grasp. Her pulse beat no faster because of his kisses and his vows. Since Fate resigned her to him, she would be true to him; and if she could make him happy, it was something. But she—had she ever been happy? Would she ever be happy any more?

Then, not to break, but to continue Gerard's dream, came breakfast. It was his first happy meal for so long, and it is true, as John Dryden sang, 'sweet is pleasure—sweet is pleasure after pain.'

'I protest,' said Reginald, scrutinising a cutlet, and appropriating it, 'that I feel Arcadian. Let us go and picnic somewhere. It is going to be a lovely day. Let us go to St-Cloud or to the Bois. Let us go to the Bois, and take a hamper, and lunch in the shade like M. Lebon Epicier and his house on a summer Sunday.—Eh, governor?—What do you say, Aunt Lucretia?'

'Let us go to St-Cloud by all means,' returned the old lady. She was in a condition of tremulous happiness at Constance's recovery of her lover, and had already taken a fancy to Gerard. To be sure, his affairs were no longer colossal, which was of itself a pity; but he was so big and genial, so bright and tender and devoted, that her heart warmed to him.

'Shall we go, Constance?' asked Mr Jolly.

'By all means,' said Constance, trying to look as if the proposal pleased her.

'I haven't seen St-Cloud since I was a boy,' said happy Gerard. So the jaunt was reckoned settled. The sleeping and dressing rooms occupied by Mr Jolly and his son were *en suite* with the breakfast-room, but the ladies slept at the end of the corridor. Constance gave her arm to Miss Lucretia, and the faded old woman and the beautiful girl went out together, making a pretty picture. The rooms Val Strange had taken opened on that corridor, and he saw them as they passed his open door. All this time whilst Gerard had been happy, Val had been waiting in suspense, and torturing himself with fears, which were better grounded even than he feared, for his hope

fought them half down, and would not give them sway. Two minutes later, Gerard passed, elate, with his head high and a radiant smile upon his face, humming *La donna è mobile*. The broad staircase faced Val's door, and Gerard went springing up it three steps at a time.

'He has won!' cried Val wildly; and with a savage gesture, he slammed the door and cast himself into a chair. The very carriage of Gerard's figure bespoke triumph; the gay air he hummed, the smile upon his face, sang triumph! 'Won? Has he won? He laughs best who laughs last, and I will win or die. She does not care for him. Fool that I was to run away. Had I stayed in England, she would have been mine by now, and no man could have come between us. O Constance! Not a word yet? not a line? Do you know that I am here?'

When Constance reached her own room, Miss Lucretia's maid presented her with a note. The handwriting was not known to her; and turning first to the signature, she was seized with a sudden tremor, so that the very paper rustled in her hand. The maid looked at her curiously. 'You may attend your mistress,' said Constance quietly. 'I shall not trouble you this morning.'

Mr Jolly, after the failure of Lumby and Lumby, had begun to retrench. He had spent a good deal of money on the strength of Constance's engagement, and when it seemed that nothing was to come of it, he retrenched. With Mr Jolly, retrenchment naturally tended to the docking of other people's little comforts rather than his own, and one of his economic measures was to refuse vote of supply for Constance's maid.

'I returned to England two days ago,' ran the note, beginning thus abruptly and without preface, 'and learned that you were free. I should have been here a day sooner, but I waited to restore Gerard's fortune to his hands. I could not rob him of everything. I will explain this when I see you. You will let me see you for a moment? You know my love already. I can speak now without dishonour, and can tell you that I love you still, that I have loved you from the hour I first saw you, and shall love you to the last hour of my life. You know all this already. I have waited, and I have despaired; but new hope brings new pain. Forgive me, if I seem to say too much, or if I seem to say it too unguardedly.—Yours, V. S.'

She sat for a long time over these impassioned words. To you or to me, they may seem no more than words, and 'like a tale of little meaning, though the words are strong.' But eloquence is in the ears that hear more than the tongue that speaks, and with every word she read—true sign of love—she heard Val's voice pleading in it. He had been so near after all; and in place of mere cold duty, she might have had love and no breach of duty with it, had she been spared from Gerard for but two hours. Her tears fell heavily upon the paper, like the drops that fall at the beginning of a storm. She kissed the honeyed cruel words that told of the love she longed for; and suddenly starting up, she thrust the letter in her bosom, and began to dress. She would tell Gerard how unhappy she was, and beg him to release her. Her plighted word of half a year since still bound her after this morning's

tacit re-acceptance of the bond. But Gerard was a man and a man of honour. He would release her if she claimed release, and she would claim it. She could almost love him if he let her go.

Her mind being made up to this, she recurred to the mysterious phrases in Val's letter—'I waited to restore Gerard's fortune to his hands. I could not rob him of everything.' Being unable to find any meaning for them, she sought her aunt's room. 'Aunty dear,' she said, 'I have not heard how the fortune came back again. Can you tell me?'

'I am not a business woman, my dear,' said Miss Lucretia, whose gray locks were just then in the hands of her maid; 'but, as I understand the matter from your father, a friend of Mr Lumby's found the money—a Mr Grainger. I wonder if he were one of the Essex Graingers? I knew the Essex Graingers years ago. They were very prying people, and quite likely to find anything that was hidden anywhere.'

'Was it not Mr Strange who found the money?' asked Constance—'Mr Valentine Strange?'

'Was it?' cried the old lady. 'Valentine? What a stupid way of speaking, your father has, my dear. He puts *er* at the end of everything. O yes, my dear. Of course it was Valentine Strange. He has a paper-mill. O yes, of course. And he found the money in bank notes—a million pounds' worth, only some of it belongs to other people—and the poor mad gentleman is supposed to have hidden them in the waste-paper after the other gentleman had stolen them. Although of course it is absurd to speak of *him* as a gentleman. I am so glad to know that it was Valentine Strange.'

Constance was not greatly enlightened as to the history of the case, but she understood enough. Val would not rob Gerard of his fortune for an hour, or take away his chance of an appeal to her. 'He shall not be unhappy,' she said to herself, 'because he has acted so nobly, and has waited to give his rival a chance before he spoke. How splendid of him! How manly! How chivalrous!'

She resolved anew that she would appeal to Gerard; but she had reckoned without herself, for when he and she were left alone that day at St-Cloud, she could not find courage to speak. She put it off. She would write to him. It would be easier to write. And Val meantime went unanswered, and saw them going away, and watched them, hours after, as they came in again, himself unseen. As Constance walked along the corridor to her room that night, Gerard overtook her at Val's door, and not guessing who waited and listened there, he said good-night with a tender triumph in his tone at which Val clenched his hands and maddened.

'Good-night, darling,' said Gerard. 'Can you guess how happy you have made me? Good-night.'

'Good-night, Gerard,' returned Constance. She wanted so much to propitiate him, she dreaded so much to give him pain, that her voice was tenderer than she knew. How could she be so cruel as to dismiss him? How could she be so cruel to herself and Val as not to dismiss him? Gerard with one foot on the staircase watched

until the door closed behind her, and then went slowly up the stair. Val's pale face from his dark chamber doorway looked after him.

'She has left my note unanswered all day long,' he moaned. 'If I have been mistaken! If she loves him after all! If!—

RECENT EXPERIMENTS IN SCIENTIFIC AGRICULTURE.

PHOSPHATE of lime, as found in bones, has long been a favourite manure with farmers, especially for root-crops, and so great has been the benefit derived from the use of 'dissolved bones,' that the supply has had to be supplemented from mineral sources. At first, bones were simply crushed, or ground to a coarse, sawdust-like powder; but latterly, superphosphate has been found more active and beneficial to the crop to which it has been immediately applied. The consequence of this is that bones are now generally treated with sulphuric acid, whereby most of the phosphate of lime is rendered soluble; and by this process the superphosphate is obtained. By reason of its solubility, this substance is very easily distributed through the soil, where it speedily takes up lime, and becomes again of the nature of bone-earth. The old idea was that it was quickly absorbed by the roots of plants, by reason of its solubility; but it is now generally agreed that its superiority lies in its distributive powers.

In practice, it has been found that soluble phosphates from bones, and from such mineral phosphates as coprolite, are identical in composition and in value; hence, manufacturers use mineral phosphates largely in the use of phosphatic manures; indeed, such have become necessary, for the demand is so great, that bones sufficient to supply it are not forthcoming. But while dissolved phosphates have always been valued, undissolved mineral phosphates have been regarded with but scant favour. Even the bone-ash which manufacturers have so largely imported from South America and elsewhere—derived from the cattle which are slaughtered for the sake of their hides, tallow, and bones, and the dried bones and flesh used as fuel—has been hitherto considered of little value unless treated with sulphuric acid. That this conclusion has been too hastily arrived at, seems evident in the light of recent experiments, some of which we propose laying before our readers.

The question is an eminently practical one, for the preparation of phosphates by sulphuric acid is a costly process. If—as there seems little room to doubt—phosphates can be rendered equally efficacious by a much cheaper method, and equally large crops raised for considerably less outlay, the question becomes one of national importance, and supremely so to farmers and landlords. In some recent experiments in Aberdeenshire and in Sussex, 'economy was reached by mixing the cheapest phosphate (*ground coprolite*) with that sold at a moderate cost (*steamed bone-flour*). Of roots only—not taking into account the wheat-crop—there were about seventy-one thousand acres in Sussex, and assuming that out of thirty shillings which is calculated to be annually spent per acre, one-third, or ten

shillings, could be saved by using *undissolved* phosphate, the saving in Sussex alone would be over thirty-five thousand pounds annually.' These words are from a Report by an able chemist specially deputed to experiment with manures in the county of Sussex; and the results amply bear out what has been quoted. As universal opinion is almost wholly against this view being realised, we will quote some of the results obtained.

The first experiments that we are aware of where soluble and insoluble phosphates were fairly pitted against each other, were those conducted in Aberdeenshire a year or two ago. After some preliminary experimenting, it was resolved to try a mixture of coprolite and steamed bone-flour against an equal quantity of crushed bones and dissolved bones. The results were practically the same—only the first mixture cost twenty-eight shillings, while the other cost forty-two shillings.

After the experiments had been repeated for some time on the same soil, it was found that the disease which attacked the turnips was invariably aggravated on the plots to which *dissolved* bones had been applied. The evidence went to show that the disease was associated with a fungus on the one hand and with sulphur on the other. As turnips are distinguished from other plants by a volatile oil rich in sulphur, the inference is, that the application of bones treated with sulphuric acid does mischief, by providing sulphur to feed the disease.

When phosphates were applied to the hay-crop, the increase was at the rate of twenty per cent., whether applied dissolved or undissolved, whether derived from the animal or mineral kingdom. This seems to prove that the low value put upon undissolved mineral phosphates has been arrived at too hurriedly and without due trial. It also shows that further experiments are needed to throw light on the manner of assimilation of plant-food, as well as its absorption by roots.

Last season, at Preston (Sussex), artificial manure, the phosphates of which were rendered soluble, produced fourteen tons seven hundredweight of Swedish turnips per acre at a cost for manure of five pounds. On the same ground, under the same conditions, with the same manure, but with *undissolved* phosphate—a mixture of bone-flour and coprolite—fourteen tons two hundredweight were produced at a cost for manure of two pounds seventeen shillings and ninepence. The difference in the crop was slight; in the cost of the manure, very considerable. When pure dissolved bones were employed, the results were only eleven tons four hundredweight, and the cost three pounds three shillings and ninepence; when *undissolved* coprolite and sulphate of lime, the result was twelve tons eight hundredweight, and the cost two pounds one shilling and ninepence. On this soil, nine tons fourteen hundredweight were produced without any manure. The difference over that weight must therefore be looked upon as increase.

In 1881, at Preston, a mixture of *ground* coprolite, bone-flour, and sulphate of lime, along with twelve and a half tons of farmyard manure per acre, produced seventeen tons five hundredweight of white turnips, the cost of the mineral matter being twenty-eight shillings and eight-

pence. When commercial *dissolved bones*, costing forty-five shillings, were substituted, the yield was only fourteen tons two hundredweight. When to the mineral *undissolved* manure, there were added potash and magnesia, twenty tons an acre were secured, at a cost of two pounds four shillings and elevenpence. As Mr Jamieson says in his Report of the experiments: 'True economy in agriculture, however, is not to be attained by a simple lessening of expense, but by attaining the greatest production with the greatest profit. The use of the bone-flour and coprolite is but one step in this direction; another step was essayed in making the mixture "complete" by the addition of potash and magnesia.' And further on: 'Probably one of the reasons why dissolved manures have been able to maintain the position generally given to them, is that they give a flush of leaf and an appearance of healthy growth in the earlier stages of growth. Not unlikely, the same reason hinders the acceptance of the *undissolved* mineral phosphates; for, when used alone, the crop is always rather backward at first. When used along with steamed bone-flour, however, the early growth is accelerated without being hastened to an unhealthy extent, and the quality of the produce is generally better.'

Chemists are generally agreed that plants require seven different elements from the soil in order to enable them to make healthy growth. These elements are—phosphorus, potash, magnesia, lime, sulphur, iron, and nitrogen. Experiments have been repeatedly made to prove that these are essential to plant-growth. Others are often found, even in great quantity, such as silica, soda, chlorine, &c.; but as many plants have been grown to perfection without them, their presence is considered accidental, and not essential. At one of the stations in Sussex where experiments were conducted last year, namely, Hassocks Gate, the soil was particularly suitable for strictly scientific investigation, for it was a pure sand, containing hardly any traces of plant-food. On this soil, turnips, even when supplied with everything except phosphate, merely lived without increasing in bulk. When ground coprolite was applied in addition, the produce, even in this miserable soil, at once went up to twenty tons an acre!

When potash salts are used along with other matters to form artificial manures, the chloride is invariably chosen, because it is cheaper and more soluble than sulphate of potash. In America, and we believe in this country, chloride salts of any kind have been found to produce watery potatoes. At Hassocks Gate, the use of chloride of potash proved utterly destructive—it killed everything. After experiments proved that in ordinary soil, containing black mould, the remains of decaying vegetation, it was perfectly harmless. This fact is worth noting by farmers whose land is very light and sandy. It was also found that mixing nitrate of soda with the salt rendered it harmless. Mr Jamieson considers that the plants use the nitric acid of the nitrate and the potash of the chloride, and that the soda left over from the nitrate combines with the chlorine left over from the chloride to form common salt, which is not injurious in small quantity, and is easily washed away by rain.

Apart from the question, whether it is more economical to use dissolved or undissolved phosphates for turnips, these experiments go to show that it is best to use artificial manures as auxiliaries rather than sole manures. The best results generally follow when half stableyard and half artificial manure is used. It is unnecessary to dwell on this, as it is only a confirmation of what intelligent farmers have observed.

At Easter Ardross, similar experiments were made, also proving the value of undissolved phosphates, but not so markedly as in Aberdeenshire and Sussex. At the same time, it ought to be added that at Easter Ardross it was as much a trial of the different forms of nitrogen as of dissolved and undissolved phosphates, and as no precautionary mixture—that is, everything else—was added, the results were hardly so trustworthy. However, it may interest our readers to know that when undissolved phosphates alone were applied, the increase in the crop was at the rate of seventy-eight and a half per cent. When dissolved phosphates were given, the increase was one hundred and forty-six per cent. And when an 'ammoniacal phosphate of magnesia' named 'fimus'—manufactured from the sewage of Birmingham—was applied in quantity sufficient to make the nitrogen combined with it equal to the nitrogen in the other plots, but with only half the phosphates, the increase was one hundred and sixty-six and a half per cent. When sufficient was given to make the phosphorus equal to that in the other plots, the increase was two hundred and thirteen and a half per cent, or twenty-six tons thirteen and a half hundredweight per acre. From different sources, we learn that this 'fimus' has produced extraordinary results in all kinds of field and garden crops, especially benefiting poor worn-out pastures. Agricultural chemists have hitherto paid more attention to phosphoric acid—as found in phosphates—potash, and nitrogen, than to the other necessary elements of plant-food; but the wonderful success of 'fimus' raises the question whether magnesia be not equally important. As we understand special investigations are being made this year in different quarters to ascertain the true value of magnesia, we will not in the meantime refer further to the question.

While scientific experiments in England and Scotland have proved that phosphates are particularly favourable to mangold-wurzels, turnips, and cereals, and that a proper use of undissolved phosphates is preferable to dissolved phosphates, because more economical; in Ireland, the value of potash salts for potatoes has been demonstrated. While open farmyard manure, applied at the rate of thirty tons per acre, gave thirteen tons fifteen hundredweight, and the same amount collected under cover gave sixteen tons thirteen hundredweight; two hundredweight of kainite (crude potash salts from mines in Germany) gave thirteen tons nineteen hundredweight, and four hundredweight gave fourteen tons six hundredweight. (Without any kind of manure, the yield was only five tons.) When, however, two hundredweight of kainite was mixed with an equal quantity of American phosphate, the resulting crop was in one instance as high as fifteen tons fifteen hundredweight; and with Curaoa

phosphate, fifteen tons nineteen hundredweight. When Alta Vela phosphate was used, the result was fifteen tons. When bone superphosphate (the dearest phosphate) was used, the result was fourteen tons six hundredweight; and with mineral superphosphate, in one case thirteen tons nineteen hundredweight; and in another, fourteen tons two hundredweight. When phosphates alone were used, the crops were much smaller, the very largest being a little over nine tons, but the majority being much less. As the withholding of potash from turnips does not markedly lessen the produce, we can here see that potash salts have a peculiar influence on potatoes. Indeed, speaking broadly, potatoes demand potash; turnips, phosphates; and cereals, nitrogen. In no case in the Irish experiment did the addition of nitrogen in the form of sulphate of ammonia or nitrate of soda, increase the potato crop, but rather the reverse. This should be noted, because farmers are apt to look upon these as the artificial manures *par excellence*. In the case of turnips, the crop is apparently, but not really increased by their use. The gross weight may be, and is, increased; but the increase is only water, the dry weight being very seldom increased. This is an evil; for the firmer roots are, the better do they keep, and the less work there is in carrying and handling a given weight of a given amount of nourishment. Money thus spent is misspent—thrown away, and worse. When these manures are applied to cereals, however, the increase is real and substantial.

It has long been known that animal organisms are the agents whereby organic remains are quickly resolved into their component elements, and 'dust returned to dust.' Only lately, however, has it been discovered that germs have the power of changing such a semi-mineral substance as ammonia into nitric acid. That the chemical change did take place, was known; but under what condition and how, was mere guesswork. The discoveries of Schoelosing and Muntz on the continent, confirmed as they have been in this country by Messrs Lawes, Gilbert, and Warlington, leave no room to doubt that the work is done by those minute organisms termed bacteria.

The discovery is one of great importance to agriculturists and sanitarians alike. Briefly stated, it explodes the current belief that ammonia once fixed by the soil remains there till the roots search it out and utilise it. The fact proved is, that no sooner does ammonia become fixed in the soil, than the bacteria seize it, and, quicker or slower, according to the temperature, convert it into nitric acid, which, seizing on lime, potash, or other base, becomes a salt that is very easily, and indeed is, to a great extent, washed away and lost. This discovery should do much to prevent the waste of the most valuable constituent of manure—for ammonia is worth one hundred pounds per ton—and when its bearings are realised we shall find the preparation and application of manures carried out in a way very different from the present.

To sanitary authorities, the matter is no less interesting. Bacteria only exist in the presence of decaying organic matter; they swarm in all fertile surface soils; they are probably absent

from all subsoils and pure sands. To pass sewage through subsoil or sand—as is the usual way in sewage-farms—is merely to keep back matter in suspension, and allow soluble nitrogenous matter to pass into and pollute drains and streams. When—as has in some cases been done—deep filters are made of *surface* soil, this objectionable matter is got rid of by being converted into nitrate, which is unobjectionable. Moreover, filters so constructed require a small area as compared with sewage-farms, for now that the matter is better understood, *depth* may be made to take the place of width.

AN AMUSING EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF A POET.

PARNY the French poet, who enshrined in charming verse the graces of *Eléonore*, the woman he loved, is perhaps not much known to the English reader. He bore the title of Chevalier, afterwards *Vicomte de Parny*; and was a native of the Isle of Bourbon, where he was born in 1753. At the age of nine he was sent to France, with the view of entering the Church; but after a time he resolved to exchange the cassock for the sword. After completing his studies in the Military School, he returned to his native isle. He was then twenty years of age. Here he fell in love with a young Creole lady, whom he named *Eléonore* in his verse, but whose real name was *Esther de Baif*. Their mutual love inspired his first poetical effusions, which are graceful and sincere, though possessing a degree of warmth which, to English readers, may seem to savour somewhat of affectation. In France, however, his love-poems were received with the utmost enthusiasm; and when, in 1775, he published his first collection of elegiac verses, he was speedily spoken of by his numerous admirers as the French *Tibullus*. In the after-course of his life, he experienced various reverses of fortune, and died in Paris in 1814.

Parny, whose nature was timid and retiring, once met with an amusing adventure in Paris, which is worth relating. He was in the habit of buying his books of a certain *M. Frocarr*, a learned and upright man, who took delight in procuring for Parny rare works of great authors which he met with at sales, charging the poet only the commission. His shop was small, his business somewhat injured by the Revolution. He had been forced to establish a secret warehouse in the Rue de Verneuil, where he kept rare volumes, and those works which were at that time prohibited. One day Parny came to him for a book which he urgently required.

'I haven't it here,' said *Frocarr*; 'it is at the warehouse. If I were not alone, I would go and fetch it.'

'Go, pray,' said Parny; 'I will keep shop for you.' So saying, he seated himself on the counter, and began to write some verses of a new poem upon which he was at work. As he was in the very heat of composition, there entered one of those pretenders to learning, who, having picked up a little of the jargon of society, mingled with a few quotations and a few well-prepared phrases, manage to hide their ignorance till they meet with a scholar. This person, seeing a pale, dried-

up-looking man, half bald, dressed in an old gray coat, in possession of the counter, naturally took him for the bookseller, and asked him in a perfectly assured tone of voice to let him see a copy of the *Marotic* poems. Parny felt bound to supply the place of *M. Frocarr*, and not to permit him to lose a customer; so, searching for the works of *Clement Marot*, he handed them to the unknown buyer, who, opening the first volume, read a few lines.

'What does all this mean?' cried he. 'This is not what I want.'

'Did you not ask me for the *Marotic* poems?' asked Parny.

'Those are not the poems, my good fellow, nothing like them.'

'I do not know of any others.'

'I want the *Marotic* poems, those about *Eléonore*.'

'I only know of some by Parny,' said the poet, reddening and hesitating.

'Parny! That's the man—his *Marotic* poems.'

'Erotic, you mean, do you not?'

'Erotic, *Marotic*—well, they are much the same thing.'

'Yes; much the same,' said Parny, repressing a smile as he reckoned up his man.—'Here they are,' he added, handing him two elegant volumes, morocco bound and gilt-edged.

'The price?'

'Upon my word, I hardly know.'

'What! you don't know the price of your books?'

'The binding of these two little volumes may be worth more than the text; but I think they must be worth six francs.'

'You will allow me the discount to literary men?'

'No; I cannot, conscientiously,' said Parny significantly.

'Well, if you cannot, I suppose I must pay the full price;' and the unknown paid his money and left the shop, bestowing a patronising glance on the person, whom he little dreamed was the author of the charming poems he was carrying away, and from which he intended to cull the fresh beauties that would help him to shine, that should establish his pretension as a *bel esprit*.

In a few minutes, *M. Frocarr* returned, carrying the book he had been seeking. Parny laughingly related the comical scene which had just taken place.

'And what did you ask for your books?'

'Six francs.'

'Not half their value!'

'What! two little vols in sixteenmo!'
'Vellum paper, illustrated initials, Courteval binding—twelve francs, I can tell you; the edition is exhausted, and it was my last copy.'

'Upon my word, I did not think my works!—'

'You are the only person who does not know their value.'

'Listen, *Frocarr*. You must not lose by my ignorance. My customer has so amused me, that I most willingly indemnify you for the loss I have caused you.'

'By no means, Monsieur de Parny.'

'Yes; I insist. I was your substitute. I ought to have understood my duty.'

As they were settling the matter, a carriage stopped before the door, and a lady entered—a lady as remarkable for her beauty as she was distinguished by her noble and graceful bearing. The calm succeeding the revolutionary tempest, had brought her to Paris. She addressed the bookseller as if she esteemed him; and he welcomed her with a respectful deference that announced a change of scene, and that this lady was as well informed as the would-be scholar was self-sufficient.

'My dear Monsieur Frocard,' said the lady, 'I want you to help me to repair a great loss that I have sustained in my travels. That rich chest which you transmitted to me so carefully, and which contained one hundred volumes of our finest poets, was, I suppose, badly fastened to the carriage, and has fallen off in the night. I have lost my best friends, my dearest travelling companions. I entreat you to renew this precious collection for me as soon as possible; and meanwhile give me the most precious among them, the works of the Chevalier de Parny.'

'I have not one copy, Madame; I have but a few minutes ago sold the last. I would, however, much rather see it in your hands than in those of the person who has bought it.'

'Well, then, pray get me another. It is my favourite book. I rank the author of *Eléonore* on a level with Ovid and Tibullus.'

'That is ranking him high, Madame,' ventured Parny with a smile, that seemed ironical and disdainful in the eyes of the fair unknown.

'You think so, sir?' said she coldly, taking him for one of those mediocre writers who too often are jealous of genius. 'I think you would find it difficult to name one of our poets, ancient or modern, who excels Parny in the purity and excellence of his style, his graceful softness and delicious abandon.'

'O women, women! The poet who sings of love has so much influence over your hearts.'

'Parny is doubtless dear to women; but he is equally dear to all who know how to appreciate true talent. His erotic poems are simply perfect; his elegies deeply touching. He is no servile imitator; his model is in his warm heart, his brilliant imagination. Like Tibullus, he is the poet of lovers; but less monotonous, more rich, more versatile. Like Catullus and Gallus, he is facile, ingenious, and often rises to the sublime. His *Déguisements de Vénus* rival those *Veilles* portrayed by Longus, with a charm, a touch that Parny alone can imitate.'

'Ah, Madame,' replied Parny, moved in spite of himself, 'I did not expect such an eager adversary. *Eléonore* herself, if she were here living, could not defend him more faithfully.'

'If I have convinced you, sir, of the merits of him who sings her charms, I shall congratulate myself on this interview; but if you persist in running him down, I warn you we shall quarrel every time we may chance to meet.'

'Such meetings, Madame, will have so much value in my eyes, that I should not wish to destroy their charm.'

'Your compliments will not change my opinion of Parny, whom I have never seen, and am dying to know. I consider him a scholar of the very first rank, an honour to the age. I declare that he has no living rival, and I pity

those who can neither understand nor appreciate him.' And so saying, the unknown beauty quitted the shop, casting on Parny a parting look, which showed him that she classed him with those wretched detractors whose business it is to deny the talent of their contemporaries, who attack reputations which are a torment to them, because they cannot hope to rise to such distinction.

'Who is this charming woman, who so warmly defends me against myself?' asked Parny of the bookseller, who was almost as much flattered as himself by this scene.

'It is the favourite pupil of Duclos and D'Alembert, a friend of letters, an ardent protectress of talent; delighting in surrounding herself with artists and literary men, honouring those already celebrated, helping them when they are struggling, assisting them with her countenance, her fortune. In a word, Monsieur, it is the Duchesse de R—.'

'Ah! I have often heard her name; but the idea I had formed of her, was nothing in comparison with the reality. What brilliant elocution! what fire in her eye! what irresistible grace! and what a perfect acquaintance with the elegiac poets!'

'It was the possession of all these charming qualities which made her capable of defending your charming productions. I tell you again, Monsieur de Parny, you are the only person who does not know their value.'

Our poet left his bookseller's, carrying with him the ineffaceable impression of this unforeseen rencontre.

Several months after, the re-organisation of the colleges took place under the titles of Primary Schools. Parny and another were appointed to the work. Professorships were eagerly sought. One day, among a crowd of applicants, a man presented himself whose pompous self-assured air was worthy a minister of state, or at least a member of the Institute. Being shown into the presence of Parny's colleague, he presented a petition requesting the post of Professor of Belles-lettres in the new establishment about to be founded. He was told that as the petitioner was quite unknown, it was indispensable that he should be recommended by some public functionary, who would attest his capacity.

'But I am my own referee,' said the petitioner. 'I thought true talent needed no other recommendation. I am astonished that you do not know me.—Parbleu!' cried he, as he perceived Parny, who just then entered, 'here is my bookseller, who will answer for me.'

'What!' cried Parny's colleague; 'Monsieur, your bookseller?'

'Yes,' replied Parny promptly, making a sign to the other; 'I had the honour, some time ago, to sell this gentleman the Marotic poems of Parny.'

'Erotic, my witty friend.'

'Erotic or Marotic—they are much the same thing,' replied the French Tibullus, with a grim smile.

At these words, the man seized his petition and disappeared without venturing on another word.

A few days after this occurrence, a lady entered

the office. She came to solicit a place for a well-known and highly respected Professor who wished to be established in Paris. She was told that the schools of the capital were under the direction of Monsieur de Parny.

'What!' cried she. 'Is Monsieur de Parny in the Office of Public Instruction? It is a post worthy of him. I rejoice in the chance which at last procures me the pleasure of knowing him.'

As she spoke, Monsieur de Parny appeared, dismissing several applicants. 'What!' cried he involuntarily, 'have I the pleasure of seeing the Duchesse de R——?'

'Who has come,' replied she, with a charming smile, 'to dispute with you again as to the works and genius of the Chevalier de Parny.'

'Ah, Madame,' said the poet, 'where shall I find weapons worthy of combating you? Now you know me, I have no longer the same advantage I had at my bookseller's. It is difficult to hear one's self praised by such lips, without modesty giving way to gratitude.' He then related to his colleague the scene which had passed in Frocarrd's shop.

The Duchess embellished the story with details in the most piquant manner. She obtained for her talented friend the place she solicited, and thenceforth felt for Parny an attachment and esteem that spread a grace and charm over his career, and contributed ultimately to open to him the doors of the Académie Française—a reward worthy of his genius.

THE GROWTH OF A PORT.

CARDIFF, now popularly termed the Metropolis of South Wales, is a striking instance of the rise and progress of a modern British port. Within living memory little better than a village, it now proudly vaunts itself our chief port in point of foreign coal shipments. One by one, other ports have been passed—even Newcastle itself lags behind in coal exportations to foreign countries—and the little Welsh place of two thousand inhabitants in 1801, has become a fine town of nearly ninety thousand inhabitants in 1882. The relative importance of Bristol is being continually lessened by this local growth of the nineteenth century, and there are not wanting those who boldly assert that Cardiff bids fair to become a second Liverpool. Of late years, too, there has been a more strenuous effort on the part of Cardiff merchants to secure an import traffic; and the development of this branch of trade is fraught with great good; for experience has taught most commercial men, that in the best colliery districts fluctuations will inevitably occur, chiefly from the disputes which unfortunately take place between employers and employed. The South Wales coal-field, whence Cardiff derives her vast coal-supplies, has not been exempt from disturbing influences; and in 1875 a prolonged strike and lock-out gave a most disastrous check to the tide of commercial prosperity. But a period of peace between the disputants has supervened, and the wages of the colliers are now amicably regulated by a Sliding Scale Committee, consisting of representatives of employers and workmen.

We have before us a book published in 1688, which states that Cardiff was a town upon the Taff, two miles from the sea. This brief description would have sufficed for a hundred years afterwards, as it was not until 1798 that the condition of the place underwent a change. In that year, the old Glamorganshire Canal from Merthyr to Cardiff—the proprietors of which still hold their meetings at the latter place—was opened, and its construction was due to the strong presumption that the black diamonds which lay in the adjacent hills and valleys demanded more adequate means of conveyance for shipment than that afforded by wagons and mules, which had hitherto brought the coal down to Cardiff in sacks. The canal was no doubt looked upon as a great enterprise, but it has since been dwarfed by other undertakings. The vessels that frequent the canal lock are necessarily of moderate capacity, and the canal itself as a means of conveyance has been superseded to a large extent by railways. But the promoters of this old auxiliary to Cardiff trade are deserving of remembrance, inasmuch as they were the first to assist the development of what is now the chief port in the Bristol Channel. Captain Smyth, R.N., writing in 1840, said: 'This port (Cardiff) was held to be in extreme activity half a century ago, when the comparatively scanty supply of iron was brought down from the hills in wagons, each bringing two tons, drawn by four horses, and attended by a man and a boy. Even Mr Bacon's contract guns in the American war were thus conveyed for embarkation to the side of *Gwlad Quay*. . . . Coals at the same time were brought chiefly from Caerphilly Mountain, in bags weighing from one hundred to one hundred and thirty pounds, on horses, mules, and asses, with a woman or lad driving two or three of them.'

Three years after the opening of the canal, the population of the town, which still occupied its old site near the Taff, was 1870. In 1839, the West Bute Dock, built at an immense outlay by the late Marquis of Bute, a great land and coal owner in the neighbourhood, was opened. This gave a great impetus to trade, the facilities of the port for coal shipments being very much increased by this sheet of water, which has an area of twenty and a half acres.

The railways that were now made played an important part in the development of the port, and very soon the docking accommodation already provided was rendered inadequate. It became necessary to build a new dock; and the completion in 1859 of the East Bute Dock, by the same noble proprietor, marks indeed an epoch in local history, a fact which will be at once understood when it is pointed out that whereas in 1851 the population was eighteen thousand, it had increased in 1861 to over thirty thousand. The area of the new dock was forty-five acres. In 1874 the total acreage of the Bute Docks had been brought up to seventy-seven and a half by the construction of the south basin. And now the port awaits the building by the present Marquis of Bute of another and a still larger dock.

The rapid growth of the port has called for the closest attention of the corporation to the general requirements of the town. Even in recent years, many central streets were narrow, and

partly blocked by ancient impediments. Improvements in these respects have been effected at great cost, and the town has undergone radical alteration. Several Improvement Acts have been obtained; but the most important was that which authorised the amalgamation in 1875 of Cardiff with its out-growths, Canton and Roath, and the expenditure of a very large sum of money in street-works. Whole blocks of houses have been pulled down, the Cardiff bridge has been widened, and other alterations of great utility brought about under the provisions of the Act. The inhabitants move with the times, and there is much public spirit in the amalgamated borough, which manifests itself in every direction, as the records of the daily press constantly show.

With regard to the shipping-trade, the position of Cardiff will perhaps be better understood when it is stated that the value of exports in 1880 was £4,161,778; and the imports, £2,338,133. In 1881, the coal exports amounted to 5,496,442 tons; iron exports to 124,591 tons; coke exports, 17,669 tons; patent fuel, 117,449 tons; coal coastwise, 933,500 tons. In 1845, 414,159 tons of coal were shipped coastwise, and 32,498 tons to foreign ports.

Cardiff may no longer be described simply as a Welsh town. The making of the docks was the means of attracting to it a large number of Irish labourers, who have permanently taken up their residence in the locality. English and Scotch capitalists help to swell the accessions, and many of the leading ship-owners and merchants are now of the 'north country.' Yorkshire and Lancashire are well represented. But although the town is of a composite character, it must not be supposed that the Welsh element is eliminated. Far from it. There are many Welshmen who, individually, demonstrate considerable business capacity, and who conduct very large establishments in the town and at the docks.

About twenty years ago, it was stated in a local guide-book that 'the greater portion of the inhabitants are labourers and persons engaged in trade. A great many Irish have settled in the town, and herd together in the lanes and alleys, where abundance of filth is to be met with.' What we have already said shows that this description, as applied to the present state of the town and its inhabitants, would be misleading. As to the lanes and alleys, they are being gradually got rid of, or improved; and sanitary inspectors have assiduously looked after the dwellings where people have been suspected of 'herding' together. It is true there is yet need for improvement in some of the lower quarters of the town, but we are not aware that Cardiff is dirtier in this respect than some other large ports. But in this case, special allowance should perhaps be made for the rapidity with which the population has increased. As the shipping has outgrown dock accommodation, so has the demand for houses been greater than the supply. In the memorial of the Cardiff Corporation in favour of the establishment at Cardiff of the proposed University College for South Wales and Monmouthshire, it is mentioned that during the five years 1875-79, nearly one million pounds is believed to have been expended by speculative builders alone in the borough,

and it is a certain fact that Building Societies are doing an extensive business in the locality. During the six years ending August 31, 1881, one hundred and forty-five new streets had been constructed; three thousand eight hundred and twenty-nine new houses, and eleven places of worship, were built; new schools numbered twenty; shops, one hundred and sixty-one; other buildings, nine hundred and sixty-four: total new buildings, four thousand nine hundred and eighty-five. And yet there is scarcely an empty house to be met with, and many small tenements are occupied by two or more families.

The general aspect of the town is admirable. On all hands are to be seen business and residential premises of an elegant character. Churches and schools abound; and there is every indication of an earnest desire to provide as fully as possible for the moral and social necessities of the port. The town generally is not consolidated, in a topographical sense. Situated in the first place two miles from the sea, it has extended seawards. The docks prevented its direct extension to the south-east, and its northern suburbs have spread in an easterly and westerly direction, intervening spaces being occupied on the west by the river Taff, and in other parts by large spaces of land not available for building purposes.

Of the local landowners—chiefly the Marquis of Bute, Lord Windsor, Lord Tredegar, and Mrs Macintosh of Macintosh—it may be said that their policy is spirited; and their liberality has been evidenced in a number of important public gifts. Although Cardiff has grown so rapidly, it is felt that the town is yet in its infancy. With its rise and progress, the multiplication of collieries and iron-works—more especially the former—has been contemporaneous in the landward districts of the port; and as the supply of coal and iron is practically inexhaustible, it is not unreasonable to suppose that a great future is in store for the locality.

SOME TESTAMENTARY CURIOSITIES.

Of curious bequests, there would seem to be no end; indeed, any one bent upon making a complete collection of such singularities, has a hobby that will last a lifetime. For the newest specimen of eccentricity in this line we are beholden to Signor Pasquale Favelle, a well-to-do gentleman, 'late of Naples,' and still later of London, where his will was proved not very long since. By this document, the testator leaves three Italian municipalities four hundred and fifty pounds each, and the Corporation of London seven hundred and fifty pounds; the interest in each case to be given every year to three poor girls between the ages of sixteen and twenty-five, by way of marriage portion, the claims of the candidates to be decided by lot, not by favour. The Corporations concerned may save Signor Favelle's executors any trouble regarding these matrimonial premiums; but they have a more unthankful task in deciding where to place a legacy of two hundred and forty pounds bequeathed 'to the Editor enjoying the

greatest repute in any town of Europe ;' a legacy the selected one is likely emphatically to decline, since it is burdened with the obligation of printing and publishing the testator's French novel *Zuleite*, his four-act comedy *An English Election*, besides sundry poems, including one on the Final Judgment. Although a voluntary exile from his native land, and taking the last opportunity afforded him to proclaim that he died as he had lived, a hater of tyranny and corruption, the Signor had nothing in common with the Democracy, for it is to 'Her Imperial and Royal Majesty of India and of the United Kingdom of Great Britain,' that he bequeaths his most cherished production, a tragic opera entitled *Alzira*; trusting that Her Majesty will order it to be performed for the benefit of the poor of London.

We fear the Neapolitan's hope of achieving posthumous fame is as little likely to be fulfilled as that of Dr Borne, who has left all he possessed to the University of Lausanne ; conditionally that the bequest be allowed to accumulate for a hundred years ; at the end of which time it is to be expended in translating his *Maxims and Aphorisms* into every known language, and supplying every library in the world with a copy of that doubtless wonderful but utterly unknown literary masterpiece.

Senator Baker, of California, had a very bad opinion of married men. After expressing the hope that his mother had too much respect for his father's memory ever to marry again, he yet provides for that eventuality by directing the bequest he made her to be paid 'free and independent' of any husband she might take to herself. Fully alive to the difficulties attending the efforts of women to gain a livelihood, he left his sister Lulu sufficient to insure her the comforts of life 'beyond any peradventure,' and knowing the tyrannical and unmanly conduct of many husbands towards their wives, desired that what he left her should be her own absolutely. Fearing this proviso might not prove sufficiently protective, this provident brother added : 'Should my sister be at any time so unfortunate as to have a husband addicted to gambling, intoxicating liquors, or other vices, or be of lazy or spendthrift habits ; then I direct that my executors, or the Court having control of my estate, shall personally or directly expend such money in paying the living expenses of my said sister Lulu, and the maintenance and education of any children she may have. I trust that no such necessity will arise ; but unforeseen calamities overtake the best of wives who are so unfortunate as to be wedded to depraved and unmanly men, who forget their vows and their duty, becoming monsters and brutes, when they should be companions and protectors.'

The Californian displayed anxiety to protect his womankind from the wickedness of his own sex. A Maine farmer, a man after Sir Wilfrid Lawson's own heart, sought rather to protect his legatees from themselves. By the terms of his will, he decreed that such of his sons, grandchildren, 'born or yet unborn,' or great-grandchildren, who should be detected smoking or chewing tobacco, or drinking ardent spirits or alcohol, unless prescribed by a physician under oath, should, as he phrased it, 'be cut off from

their dower in my property for six months for the first offence, and one year for each subsequent offence ; and for one year of total abstinence, his or their dowers to be restored.' By a codicil, the limitations and conditions regarding tobacco and alcohol were extended to 'gambling in the ordinary sense of the term, or betting money or other valuable consideration.'

Without going to any such length, a German named Bechtel provided against those coming after him indulging in his pet aversion, by excluding any of his male descendants from sharing in his estate so long as they persisted in wearing a moustache. Not such a reasonable provision as that made by a Mr Stokes, whereby any person named as a beneficiary under his will lost all claim upon his estate if he or she raised any contention respecting it in a court of law.

If testators can do pretty much as they please in disposing of their property, they have no such power as to the disposition of their remains. Dr Crittenden, a London physician, directed that within three days after his death, his body should be handed over to his dear friend Eliza Williams, to be dealt with in such a manner as he had set down in an authoritative letter to the said Eliza Williams ; any expenses incurred by her in carrying out his instructions to be paid by his executors within three months after his decease. In the letter to his lady-friend, the Doctor expressed his desire that his body should be burned 'when dead,' by being placed over and surrounded by fagots of wood ; the calcined bones and fragments to be collected together, and placed in a Wedgwood vase, which he had already given into her keeping ; or if that were not large enough, in a vase, metallic or otherwise, but, as she was aware, he had a preference for earthenware.

Taking no heed of the Doctor's instructions, his executors buried him in Brompton Cemetery. Three months afterwards, the lady petitioned the Home Secretary for a license to exhume the body for cremation, or, if that could not legally be done, for burial in another place. Sir R. Cross refused to grant a license for the purpose of cremating the body, but gave permission for its removal to a churchyard in Wales. Having got possession of the body, Miss (or Mrs ?) Williams conveyed it to Italy, where she had no difficulty in fulfilling her friend's cremation instructions. Her conscience satisfied in this respect, she sued the executors for her expenses. The Court, however, pronounced that a man could not dispose of his dead body by will, the executors being responsible for its proper burial ; besides which, the body had been obtained by illegal and false representations ; and the action was dismissed with costs.

In 1877, a man who died in Berlin, leaving behind him a fortune of thirty-four thousand marks, surprised all who knew him by devising that thirty-two thousand marks should go to the authorities of his native place, and that the remainder should be divided between nine relatives and a friend with whom he had quarrelled, the share of any one of the legatees becoming forfeited if he followed the testator to the grave. His relatives religiously obeyed the dead man's decree ; but the estranged friend,

remembering old times, could not refrain from going quietly to the churchyard and paying his last respects to the deceased. By-and-by, a codicil came to light directing that if any one of the ten legatees under the will should disobey the injunction regarding the last ceremony, he was to receive the bulk of the money left to the testator's town ; and thanks to the shrewd device, the man who thought more of his old friendship than his old friend's money, found himself comfortably provided for, for the rest of his life.

A strange freak was played by a citizen of Brooklyn who died and left seventy-one pair of trousers. In accordance with his will, these were sold by public auction, for the benefit of the poor of the parish, no purchaser of one pair being permitted to bid for another. This odd stipulation excited no suspicion at the sale ; but some days afterwards, one of the buyers, on making a close examination of his purchase, came upon a small canvas bag sewn in the waistband ; on opening which he discovered therein ten hundred-dollar notes. He spread the news of his find abroad, and set the remaining seventy trouser-buyers inquiring into things, the result being that each one of them found himself richer than he had been by a thousand dollars ; as welcome a windfall as came to the widow of a miserly Rhode Island livery-stable keeper, who left her two hundred thousand dollars, after separating from her for indulging in the luxury of a silk dress.

Captain Hartmann, a retired officer, well known in Jamaica, and noted for his fondness for animals, was as brave a fellow as here and there one meets ; but while he did not fear death, he was possessed with a great dread of being buried alive, and made sure of escaping premature interment, by ordering his body to be kept in an open coffin till the last moment possible, when his head was to be cut off by a surgeon, who was to be paid ten pounds for performing the operation. That he considered life itself a great blessing, was further shown by his appointing a person to look after his dogs, cats, and birds, and see they wanted for nothing ; while for the many horses, mules, and asses calling him master, they were to be released from labour for evermore, and made free of his acres of grazing-ground as long as they lived. When the last of these animal legatees dies, and not until then, the estate is to be realised, and the proceeds handed over to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

It will be some years before the Society enjoys the handsome bequest ; but its patience is not likely to be as sorely tried as that of the heir of an old Canadian farmer who is bound to work the farm for his stepmother's advantage as long as she lives, and then commence paying the rent to the family—fifty dollars a year—until three thousand dollars have been so distributed amongst them, when the farm will become his own. He is now thirty years of age ; his stepmother is a woman in the prime of life, and reckoned good for another forty years. After her death, it will take him sixty years to pay off the encumbrances on the farm, so that he may cheerfully calculate upon being its sole possessor when he has attained the patriarchal age of a hundred and thirty. So may it be !

THE LABOURER'S WIFE.

SHE took her trouble in her heart, and went, One spring-tide Sabbath evening, from her door, Shadowed by chestnut leaves in drooping folds, Not spreading yet broad welcome to the sun ; And through the meadows, and the hawthorn lanes, Whose fragrance yet was closed within the bud, To the wide fields, rich with up-springing corn. Beneath the hedges, thickly tangled, spread Vivid spring verdure. In the budding copse, Hedged by thick sloe-blooms falling white like snow, Ere the black stems were gemmed with emerald leaf, The birds sang out their welcome to the spring. The dappled greensward, with pale primrose tufts Of gold enamelled, and the wind-flower's pearl, Lured her aside a moment, and she stood Beneath the budding oak, and heard the burst Of rich bird-music, caroled loud to God, The God who cares for sparrows, and who hears The ravens when they call. She list'ning stood.

Not one of all the gracious influences Of peaceful Nature given by God to soothe, Could His child recognise, or knowingly Receive into her heart. No poetry Within her sad and labour-hardened soul Well'd up, as though a stone were rolled away, In tender presence of the Beautiful. She seeing, saw not ; yet she was not dulled By God-sent trouble, but by many years Of this world's work, and this world's prose, until The prose had eaten into her like rust. Still, soothed unknowingly by glory of spring, She took her trouble with her, and went on Through one field more, where cowslips stood in groups Like fairies routed, flock'd together in fear, And shining grass swayed in the evening air, That gave soft breathing to the tremulous lark ; And reached the village, and the lowly door Of the small village chapel. Entering in, She heard the songs of Zion ; and the heart Of the poor drudging woman rose with these, Winging its way to courts celestial, raised In praise with angels, who for ever praise And cast their golden crowns (as seemed to her) Before the Throne, and wave wide golden wings, And love the Lord, and love His labouring poor, Although their own white robes shine like the sun. They, following His command, through His dear cross, Shall welcome yet to seats already named, And known by them, the weary of the earth. Ye songs of Zion, rise up higher, higher ! O trembling voice, O calm and trustful heart, The Lord is with thee ! sends His poetry, Not through the door of Culture, but of Faith ! To Him sing praises, for He giveth light — And that not only light to see to work, But light to beautify : and freely gives !

The service over, and her trouble less (God helping her to bear it), she arose, And going from the chapel, saw rose-stains Of glory from the setting sun, fall fair On the rough whitewashed wall, poured through the panes Of lattice windows flashing gems and gold ; And seeing, saw not knowingly, but saw Instead of God's great sunset, pearly gates Of heaven, and His heaven's golden floor ; Saw no material sun, yet saw that Sun Which never setteth, the blest Sun which bears, For each and all, kind healing in His wings.

c. a.